

Press-Herald

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'Yes' on Proposition 17

California can catch up with a large part of the nation on Nov. 3 by approving Proposition 17, popularly called the "anti-featherbedding" initiative.

Enactment of Proposition 17 will repeal obsolete provisions of the State Labor Code and permit the elimination of forced inclusion of firemen on freight train crews in California.

Proponents of the measure have estimated that the present laws which requires the third man in the cab costs California consumers and shippers as much as \$12 million a year.

Opponent charges that the fireman represents a safety factor has not been supported by the facts.

The facts indicate that the Federal Arbitration Board appointed by the late President Kennedy has reported that restrictive state laws regarding the manning of trains "fail to envision modern railroad operations."

The Press-Herald believes the measure set forth as Proposition 17 should be adopted by California voters.

A "Yes" vote is recommended.

The Lottery Scheme

It is encouraging to note that sentiment is running strongly against a state lottery in California as it is spelled out in Proposition 16 on the Nov. 3 ballot.

If there is one thing California doesn't need—among others—it is legalized lottery. Particularly one operated by a private corporation.

We have not been persuaded that the announced purpose of the scheme—that is, to provide additional funds for the state's educational needs—would be met by the operation of such a lottery.

We have been persuaded, however, that the real beneficiaries of the current proposal will be the promoters, not the people of California.

The Press-Herald again recommends a "No" on Proposition 16.

A related measure, Proposition 13, placed on the ballot by the State Legislature, should be adopted. Briefly, it provides that no ballot proposition can name a private corporation for a contract with the State, such as Proposition 16 attempts to do.

IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

Some Personal Pets and Pests

THESE THINGS I LIKE: The Stan Getz-Joao Gilberto bossa nova album on Verve—one of the few current jazz pieces you can play over and over without a complaint from the neighbors... John Le Carré's "Call for the Dead" (now out in paperback) as taut and tingling a spy thriller as his best-selling "Spy Who Came in From the Cold"... The sight of long, leggy Mimi London, the town's top model, unfolding from her tiny Austin Cooper—a car so little you don't drive it, you wear it... Restaurateur Alexis Merab's reply to an interviewer who asked "Which is more important to a good dinner—the food or the wine?" Alexis: "The company. If you're with a bore, nothing tastes good"... Cracked crab and sourdough French bread... Humphrey Bogart... A cable car silhouetted on a foggy hilltop... Leontyne Price... The Golden Gate Bridge at sunset, a white liner passing beneath... And Cole Porter's "Kiss Me, Kate."

THESE THINGS I DON'T: The anonymous ladies who put all those pins in new shirts—especially that extra pin hidden behind the collar button where it is sure to jab you.

The master craftsmen who seal ham and cheese in cellophane that can't be opened with anything short of a cleaver.

The burb writers for book jackets who assure you that every word contained therein is "wise and witty," or "absorbing, compelling and sensitive."

The magazine editors who can't decide whether their pages should be numbered at the top, the bottom—or not at all.

The politicians who can't wait to get their posters up, but can wait forever to take them down.

The cunning artisans of sardine cans that can only be opened three quarters of the way, and the auto designers who have found that the ideal place for a rear-view mirror is exactly where it blocks the view of a car approaching from the right.

The laundry workers who can crack a sleeve button so delicately that it doesn't break off till you're putting on the shirt.

The master chefs—undoubtedly trained during World War II—who can make real scrambled eggs taste exactly like powdered eggs, and serve them with jelly encased in plastic containers no easier to open than a safe.

And the bus drivers who ask you to "Step back" when you can barely squeeze aboard.

FLAT: This being the Year of the Tiger in advertising (everything from cars to tires to perfume), Hotelman Stanley Spiegelman of the Palm Springs President understood perfectly when a bellman apologized: "Sorry I'm late, boss—one of my tigers blew out on the way to work."

The Story Ends



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

De Gaulle Wants France To Influence the Latins

In the last quarter of the 18th century, George Washington was a hero to the scattering of republicans in western Europe.

He was however a remote and misty figure, and did not originate the republican ideas which attracted some Europeans to him. The republican cause in fact was pursued on a small scale as viewed from Europe, and most Europeans had a low opinion of the Americans, who were not materially important, but only important in the world of ideas.

Yet in less than two centuries the Americans have become materially important to Europeans and to all mankind. Their riches and productive capacity are of a fantastic and frightening magnitude, and this disturbs the Europeans. Moreover, in the world of ideas, the Americans are not necessarily to the Europeans' liking. The "freedom and opportunity" dream the Europeans had of America 100 years ago, has not turned out propitiously.

Something like this is

clearly in the stern mind of President de Gaulle on his South American tour.

It must seem curious to him when he thinks how trifling the Americans were to his forefathers, say in the Napoleonic cycle, and how formidable they are to him today. Yet in his obdurate way he must oppose them with all his might in what he considers their weakest zone of influence—the vast region inhabited by the Latin American peoples.

M. de Gaulle is plainly trying to substitute European influence and friendship in Latin America for Yankee influence and friendship. He is polite about it. He does not inveigh against Yankee "imperialism," but he insistently tries to leave the impression that the Latin Americans should "come home" to Mother Europe.

Fair Yankees cannot complain. It is precisely the kind of struggle they have ever said they welcomed, a struggle for the minds of men.

But M. deGaulle is en-

countering some unforeseen difficulties. He has been well received, and sometimes his message has been zealously received, though not without an alloy in the zeal.

Juan Peron, in Spanish exile, some years ago raised a rabble following of workers in Argentina. But he was so blatant a demagogue, nothing could save his dictatorship. Things have been troubled in Argentina since, but Peron's followers continue to mourn him, and demand his return.

So in Buenos Aires de Gaulle found himself identified with Peron by screaming crowds. He didn't like it, and it didn't make sense, for de Gaulle is not a demagogue, and hardly curries favor with French workers. But there he was—his picture beside Peron's in a parade.

That is perhaps one penalty of being a world statesman advancing a doctrine in a faraway place where he has never before ventured, and, it may be, does not understand.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Bird-Watcher, Columnist, Wit: That's John Kieran

Long before he became a national personality on the late, lamented radio program, "Information Please," John Kieran was a seasoned sports columnist on the New York Times. An inveterate bird-watcher and amateur botanist, Kieran's essays on the outdoors became one of the delights of New York daily journalism of the early 1930s.

In an amiable autobiography, "Not Under Oath," Kieran describes in an engaging manner how he combined vocation and avocation. It suggests the atmosphere and tempo (allegretto) of Kieran's happy life and this unpretentious account of it.

While covering outdoor sports events, Kieran kept his eye on the wildlife of the region as well as the competitors. He scored most heavily on golf courses where, after focusing on a putt, he swung his glasses towards birds in the trees, or on the fairway.

For a full autumn professional football season he was aware of a peregrine falcon perched on top of one of the light towers at the Polo Grounds. Covering ball games on the National League circuit, he discovered that the Western meadowlark's song is far sweet-

er than in the East, and he suggests a man might get a good grounding in botany simply by identifying all the native shrubs and trees at the Saratoga race course.

That's the kind of fellow John Kieran is. His autobiography hasn't a neurotic line in it, which is hardly par for the personal history course. Kieran offers a

lengthy rundown on the "Information Please" program which, as a walking encyclopedia, he shared for years with Franklin P. Adams, Oscar Levant, Clifton Fadiman, and a Who of guests—Fred Allen to Rebecca West. Many of that literate show's faithful listeners may find this to be the most interesting section of Kieran's recollections.

LETTERS From Our Readers

League Takes a Stand

Editor, Torrance Herald

With November 3 drawing very near, your news columns and those of other newspapers throughout the state reflect the tremendous interest in some of the propositions on this year's ballot. We wish to commend the responsibility of The Torrance Press-Herald in presenting varied points of view on these compelling issues.

The League of Women Voters of California, on the basis of past studies and the consensus of opinion of its statewide membership, recommends a "YES" vote on Propositions 4 and 10, and a "NO" vote on Propositions 5 and 14.

Propositions 4 and 5 concern extension of particular veterans' tax exemptions. We believe that state law

should not further erode the tax base of already strained local government.

Proposition 10, which would abolish the "School Land Fund" is supported by the League of Women Voters because of our belief that ear-marking of state revenues restricts legislative flexibility in coping with changing conditions.

Members of the League of Women Voters throughout the state recently completed a thorough study of the basic governmental issues underlying Proposition 14 and reached agreement on opposition to this proposal. This constitutional amendment would render state, county and local governments incapable of providing legislation to alleviate pressing social and econom-

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

It's the Gold Case You Pay For in Swiss Watch

PUERTO RICO—"Where would I buy a man's wrist watch in Europe? A calendar type but not necessarily automatic. How much?"

Mine is automatic, calendar type, stainless steel and well-styled. It cost \$42 from Bucherer's—they have shops in all major cities in Switzerland. This is a "house" watch. That is, it is not a brand name.

I think you do better with "house name" watches on price. (Swiss watch works are all made in one part of Switzerland and it's styling, advertising, and gold casing that costs money.)

The big houses are Gubelin, Turler, Bucherer—Gubelin seems to have the leading recommendation among the Swiss.

"Where would we buy pearls in Hong Kong please?"

Since I don't know pearls, I'd go to the department store, Lane, Crawford Ltd. It's one price and sells Mikimoto cultured pearls from Japan. There are probably a hundred shops selling pearls. But Hong Kong is a bargaining city generally. And how do you bargain on something you don't know about?

"Do you bargain in shops in Japan?"

No. Japanese custom is to have one fair price. However, I would try a little bargaining in tourist shops in ANY part of the world. Tourist shops everywhere are a little high. And most places are set up to provide a percentage to a guide—10 to 15 per cent. So if you come in alone, they can knock that much off for you. So ask.

"A place to do general shopping in Paris—not a tourist shop."

The three big department stores: Trois Quartiers, Printemps and Galeries Lafayette. All within walking distance of the Opera. One price. No bargaining. But they MIGHT have a reduction for traveler's checks.

"Any place to buy good linens in Ireland?"

Brown's in Grafton Street, Dublin. (They have a catalogue and you can do mail order business with them.) A fine, reliable house with all kinds of excellent things. No bargaining. Reasonable prices.

"Is there any place in Mexico where you can order things by mail?"

I don't know of any. I don't often ship from Mexico either. You lose about a third of the time. A bargaining country on everything. Many good buys but carry home whatever you buy.

"Would you suggest a place to buy gloves in Paris?"

Hermes behind the Hotel Crillon is elegant. I order by mail from Freddy at 10 Rue Auber. Quite possible both have catalogues but I don't know. Discounts usual for

traveler's checks but you have to ask.

"What are the best buys in Copenhagen?"

Supposed to be silver, furs and porcelain. I never did any shopping there. (I bought a lot of electricity in the night clubs and it was worth it.)

"What are the best buys in the West Indies on a cruise ship?"

Nearly everything. The Virgin Islands, Jamaica, Cu-

racao—almost every port—is duty-free and imports things from all over the world which you can buy without duty or tax. Bargain a little.

"Is it worthwhile to shop for women's clothes in England?"

Yes. For example, you can get Christian Dior suits for less than here or in Paris. Try Fortnum and Mason or Simpson's, both in Piccadilly. And Harvey Nichols and Herrod's, both in Knightsbridge.

Our Man Hoppe

The Soviets Love a Party

By Arthur Hoppe

Our ace kremlinologists are having a terrible time figuring out who's in charge of Russia these days. At first, they thought it might be Mr. Brezhnev, mainly because he's the new head of the Communist party. But then it turned out he wasn't much of a party man.

As they gravely noted, Mr. Brezhnev was "conspicuously absent" from the very first party the new regime gave in the Kremlin, a reception for Cuban President Dorticos.

True, Mr. Brezhnev's picture appeared on the far left in a line of posters several days later, a clue of tremendous significance, assuming the poster men didn't louse things up. But then he failed to appear at all at the big party celebrating the liberation of Kiev from the Germans 20 years ago. And every ace kremlinologist shook his head worriedly, frowned and said, "You know what that means."

Certainly we do. The meaning is clear to all us long-time students of Soviet affairs. But, personally, I'm worried. For there's just the remotest possibility it could mean that Mr. Brezhnev doesn't like parties. And, if so, disaster lies ahead.

First, Mr. Brezhnev will face grave domestic problems at home.

"Oh, how nice," says Mrs. Brezhnev, opening the mail at the breakfast table. "The Mikoyans have invited us over for a reception. Goodness, don't we owe them?"

"Bah," says Mr. Brezhnev. "Soggy canapes, warm champagne. We will spend a quiet evening at home curled up with a good book, like 'The Use of Non-organic Fertilizers in Increasing Borscht Production.'"

"You never take me anywhere," wails Mrs. Brezhnev. "You're ashamed to be seen with me. You don't love me. The spark has gone out of our marriage. My mother warned me..." And so on.

This will tend to make Mr. Brezhnev a little irritable. Like most men faced with domestic problems, he will grow more adventurous away from home. In about a year, I figure, he will be calling up our State Department, which will refer him down through channels to one of our ace kremlinologists, perhaps Mr. Entpossel.

"Listen, Entpossel," says Mr. Brezhnev, "If you Americans don't knock off aid to Outer Kurdistan, I am pushing The Button—or my name isn't Leonid Brezhnev!"

"How do you spell that?" says Mr. Entpossel. "B-r-e-z... What do you mean, how do I spell it? This is Leonid Brezhnev, the leader of world Communism."

"Brezhnev... Brezhnev..." says Mr. Entpossel. "Hmm. Sorry old man, but I don't find the name among those who attended the opening of the Moscow Pioneer's Cookie Sale. Nor the Festival for Falkland Freedom. Nor... Must be some mistake."

"Mistake!" roars Mr. Brezhnev. "I am pushing The Button!"

"Look, whoever you are," says Mr. Entpossel. "Is this call collect?"

So I hope that Mr. Brezhnev is in charge, he will reform and become a good party man. For how will we know that he's the man with the fate of the world in his hands unless he gets out there and whoops it up nightly? Yes sir, I'm sure that'll make each of us feel much more secure.

Morning Report:

Candidates always try to pick up blocs of voters. Because it's cheaper to get votes wholesale than retail. If the Democrats organize "Skeet-Ball Players for LBJ," the Republicans will snap back with "Skeet-shooters for Barry."

But in this campaign, Senator Goldwater is going out of his way to alienate blocs. He took on columnists and commentators early in the going. More recently, he let the used-car salesman have it when he asked the audience: "Would you buy a used car from Lyndon Johnson?"

But the President is writing off nobody and trying to sell everybody. That's why I wouldn't approach him on a car lot. I'm afraid I'd end up with two used cars.

Abe Mellinkoff